State Historical

Society.

VOLUME I.

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1857..

NUMBER 1.

Choice Poetry.

THE PAWPAW.

BY WILLIAM W. FOSDICK. Asia hath banism, and Afric both paim, And Europe the super-scor ed haw; And the Isles of the Bouch inth their forests of balon , Where blazards brillian means on the creek Of the mountain, my sympathies draw; But far more I lose thee, thou plant of the West, My native, my back good Pampaw!

Where the woodland is durkest—so dark in its shade, That the sun on the roof of the trees, Can only peep through where a perting is made for the thatch, by the hands of the becere; In Kentucky's deep woods, where my heart has its home, Where the flashing ered imater and squaw Of old were oft want through the forest to rouse There grows the green, polished Pawpaw.

Broad, broad are its leaves, and as green as the sea; And its olossoms are chocolate bells, Viere booming inside, is the sum of the bee, Like the roor of the senan in shells. And brown as a wine-skin transformed to a purse Are the rinds that its riches enfold-A beart of bright yellow; black seeds latersperse; A fruit of Ambrosia and gold.

Oh, white are the caps of the elder, in May, That gracefully ned o'er the fence; and many the plumes that the sumachs display, Of a relvety crimson intense.

And the Indian Arrow both scarlet 'mid snows, That strame the rid berries of haw; But doubtly more stear to my basses . . . as those, have now broad, ribby leaves of Paupaw.

Green plant, mild a forest of giants in green; Of cotton-wood Titans in black; Where like a Columns the sycz more's seen Through the Summer, with soows on his back And hoge above all, in proportion so vast,

That dizzy grow up-turned eyes, The poplar in blossom floats out on the blast An island of bloom in the skies!

There, there is the land that no place can supplant No magic of antere or ert, Can ever bring such a majestical haunt, Nor, ales! my youth, back to my bear! And the eyes of the maid that hawitened the broad shade,

'Mid the green'ry will memory draw, Where the rigulet played, and the wood-bausting Naid

Select Tale.

(From Poster's Spirit of the Times.)

THE BANDIT AND THE BURDERER.

BY LARIAT.

CHAPTER I.

"Our Wear," so called, is a portion of this roamed the forests, estensibly in quest of game, wast territory of ours, lying in the path of the but really with a mind distracted and oblivious setting sun, whose precise location has never of the world's surroundings. He saw not the yet been determined, and whose boundary lines, wild buck, as it jumped from its covert across ever shifting with Time's mutations, are daily his nath; or, if he did, he saw it vanish like his becoming more and more contracted by the rap- dreams of future, bliss; and as it lapsed from id extension of civilization and western emigra- sight, his heart throbbed faintly within his breast, tion. Beyond this land of promise, there is yet and murmured, Belia May! He heeded not the another region called the "Far West," the partridge, as it rose with wisdy whire; but as it terra incognita of North America, ribbed by skimmed away it rumbled, Bella May! That Rocky Mountain peaks, flanked on either side was his all-absorbing thought. The winds sighed by desert prairies - whence, betimes, come mar- it, as they rustled through the trees; the cricket vettons tales of wild adventure, of bloody bat chirped it, as he hid himself down to rest at ties fought with the savage nomads of the night; the old clock ticked it, and his burning plains, by bold and reckless trappers, not less temples throbbed it. Bella May! Bella May! wild and barbarous than their red-skinned foes, faithless Bella May! Lost, lost, to the fond and strange recitals of perils and privations, heart that loved thee more than all on earth! which they alone to whom these are but the vi- Such were his passing thoughts. But soon cissitudes of every-day life can swear to be no fiction. From this prairie-nursery of a literature purely American, a literature so fraught with strangely heroic annals, that it must soon supply the place of the new popular, but less the destroyer of his heart's fondest hopes went wholesome fictions of the present day, might be gathered thousands of thrilling incidents, of which the following is but a sample.

large proportion of its pioneer population, there has always existed a class of semi-civilized, "half-horse-and alligator" beings, in western rlance known as " Come-outers," but to whom epithet can be more appropriately applied an that of "Border-Ruffians;" for a more rious set of rascals never disgraced respectple society. Bred in the forest, with a bowle stiffe in one hand, and a rifle in the other ; early taught the art of self-defence against the stealthful Indian, on whose hunting-grounds he has trespassed, and not less wild and unrestrained than he; instinctively regarding friends with suspicion, and foes with implacable hate; ready to grovoke as to avenge un insult, he has become an adept in the duello, and handles a Green River blade, or an Arkansas tooth-pick with the desterity of a sword-player. Disdaining work, but too restless and energetic to be idle, he is always pining for excitement, and is never so appy as when opportunity offers to test the temof his steel, or the accuracy of his rifle. He hants cotamounts for pastime, steals noises, and and ange, provokes a ed. Possessing the same rude nature and rough they moved a little to one side, just enough to "Not to-night! You couldn't draw a bead in naps negroes, roots at a landango, protokes a exterior as those we have designated as "Comecatch a glimpse of a scar-marked eye. That the dark. There's not even a moon!" and knocks him down because he don't resent it; or, failing in this, or finding such sport too monotonous, he streaks it out upon the prairies, with a score of kindred spirits at his heels, and mobs some Indian village, plunders the longes, on the squares and carries off the squares and carries of the squares and carries and carries of the squares and ca orses. Then, with his hot blood up to fever ent, and in the full revelry of his demeniac delights, he courses away over the plains, scorn-

Such were the "Border-Ruffians" in the "Ho! Ramrod," he said, "hyurs a child as "Here's a hand," he cried, "as is bound to All knew the wrongs he had suffered at the hands palmy days of McDaniels, Snively and Warfield has got his foot in a trap, and no mistake." -famed of prairie bandis -who, hovering over The trapper nodded attention.

the Santa Fe trail, with their formidable bands. of both Northern and Southern honor and decen- leaned towards the other, and his dark exes prove Bell May to be no better that cy, and fomented collision between parties of flashed fire as he fixed them upon his face. and fresh material for excitement.

But we are not now to speak of the Border-Ruffians of the present day. Our narrative carries us back to the year 1846. At that date, in one of the border towns of Missouri, there lived a noted bully, by the name of Bill Blencoebetter known as Bully Blink-eye-a sobriquet he had received in consequence of an ugly scar that lay across the corner of his left eye, the lasting mements of a fray, from which he had not come off scatheless. Biencee was the most dreaded duellist in the neighborhood, and his great skill in the use of a bowie-knife or rifle, together with his wonderfully irritable nature and sensibility to insult, made him the more for midable foe. He was a huge, ungainly fellow, with a jaundiced complexion, that was by no means improved by the profusion or yellowish hair that straggled down over a forehead naturally low, and half covered the eye that blinked -a restless, wicked-looking optic-that always contained mischief in its leer, or detected it in others. These by no means amiable characteristics, made him an object of hate to all, and to none less than Ben Morton, the finest lad in the village, and an inferior shot to none. And why Hadn't Bill Blencoe presumed to sue for the hand of the fair Roll May, Ron's affianced bride? And had not he, when she had rejected his suit, at first beset her with importunities, and then attempted to defame her character in the opin ion of the world? And he had so far succeeded as to accomplish his foul purpose. The proof was so strong, that even the once confiding lover

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dreams." His proud spirit rose above his trials, and the wrongs he had received at the hands of his loved one's traducer. Should be sit and mourn, while unpunished at his hands? Should be let the villain gloat in triumph over the injury he had done, and point with scorn at him, the coward All along that ever-changing belt of territory, who dare not resent it? No! His purpose was known as the western frontier, and forming a fixed. He no longer repined; but with a heart bursting with revenge, he vowed to follow his foe until he should propitiate his crime with his

> But first he sought out the shanty of cld Ramrod was most opportune; for he knew that he for past offences.

hardy race of "mountain men," to whom it face they had not yet seen. There was no mismay be said, the great West owes its very ex- taking that voice; and the long, tangled hair, truded, and a herrid smile played around his hants octamounts for pastime, steals horses, kid- passed away, along with the animals they hunt- ed familiar enough; but to satisfy themselves, outers." the same reckless turing fearlessness was sufficient to remove all doubts. of spirit, and energy of character; with passions Old Ramrod started perceptibly, and uttered equally impatient of restraint, the trapper is a low angry growl, as his hand quickly sought knew well enough there was not a better shot in _Is not unfrequently occurs, says an exchange, with a sonorous tongue, at certain intervals, the _____ How do you know," said an enlightened nevertheless altogether a different character, for the handle of his knife; but Ben clutched his the village, and that he was fully a match for his that when persons, asked if they will subscribe gradations of indomitable Time.—Walks in European to an ignorant savage of Asla, "how with a score of kindred spirits at his needs, and mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living, while the other steals; the mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living, while the other steals; the mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living, while the other steals; the mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living, while the other steals; the mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living, while the other steals; the mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living, while the other steals; the mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living, while the other steals; the mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living, while the other steals; the mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living, while the other steals; the mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living while the other steals; the mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living while the other steals; the mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living while the other steals; the mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living while the other steals; the mobile some Indian rillage, plunders the lodges, he works for a living while the other steals; the mobile steals are not a living while the other steals; the mobile steals are not a living while the other steals; the mobile steals are not a living while the other steals; the mobile steals are not a living while the other steals; the mobile steals are not a living while the other steals are not a living while the lodges are not a living whil

shanty, cleaning his gun, when Morten approach the game; though his quick eye no doubt de- ly blade. However, Ben was not to be dissus- They are benefitted every week by the tolls. Every man who does this, leaves a valuable benefit lights, he courses away over the plains, scornlights, he could be also be also be allowed by the course away over the plains away over the plains away over the plains away and death in every phase, and ready for any ed; and as the sound of average character of the combat were speeding raise his head suddenly, he gave the new comer unusually quiet, began to move glibly; and sunting from there in return. Reader, if we the bequest more than ten times the cost. A feet backward with sights. Su extremity to which his mad precipitated him. Now crossing the war-path of the a quiet nod of recognition, and directly resumed dry sarcastic or impudent remarks, apparently a short distance from the shanty some ten paces you feel reproved, just send in your name and volume of newspapers sixty years old would now Providence of God. The cup of rengeful Pawnee, sunning the gauntlet of his work, without deigning him a word. The thrown at random, were evidently intended for were marked off, and each stood with a pistol in take the paper yourself. vengeful Pawnee, sunning the gauntlet of his work, without deigning him a word. The common the exclusive ear of Ben and Ramrod. The cither hand, and their knives bandy to their swarming Camanches, or engaging in mortal swarming Camanches, or engaging in mortal old fellow was spt to be laconic; but his manner, the exclusive ear of Ben and Ramrod. The cither hand, and their knives bandy to their swarming camanches, or engaging in mortal old fellow was spt to be laconic; but his manner, the exclusive ear of Ben and Ramrod. The cither hand, and their knives bandy to their swarming camanches, or engaging in mortal old fellow was spt to be laconic; but his manner, the exclusive ear of Ben and Ramrod. The cither hand, and their knives bandy to their party, however, and the transfer of the party, however, and the laconic; but his manner, the exclusive ear of Ben and Ramrod. The cither hand, and their knives bandy to their party, however, and the laconic; but his manner, the exclusive ear of Ben and Ramrod. The cither hand, and their knives bandy to their party, however, and the laconic; but his manner, the exclusive ear of Ben and Ramrod. The cither hand, and their knives bandy to their party, however, and the laconic; but his manner, the exclusive ear of Ben and Ramrod. The cither hand, and their knives bandy to their party, however, and the laconic; but his manner, the exclusive ear of Ben and Ramrod. The cither hand, and their knives bandy to their party hand and the laconic; but his manner, the exclusive ear of Ben and Ramrod. The cither hand, and their knives bandy to their party hand and their knives bandy to the laconic; but has been and their knives bandy to the laconic; but has been and their knives bandy to the laconic; but has been and their knives bandy to the laconic; but has been and their knives bandy to the laconic; but has been and their knives bandy to the laconic; but has b sheir skin white or copper-colored. Anon he his face inquisitively. He saw it wors a trou- of their presence, and the two, though greatly its errand of death. heir skin white de copper-colored. Anon he in lace inquinterly. Its errand of death.

The excitement now became intense, and mapar on his programme by mostering and now became intense, and mabering train of the emigrant, or, dashing dark with anxiety for the is sue of a conflict that was to mark an era in the upon some trader's caravan, puts a hall through the weigh upon his own mind. So, the too confident bully, thus reasured, became sue of a conflict that was to mark an era in the was treading on dark history of the town. It is needless to say that the was treading on dark history of the town. It is needless to say that gave his belt a hitch, and began-

"'Tain't no great account, hoss," he' contin- the village. Who dare set his pile? at a time when prairie commerce was in the ued, "when a man gets come over slick by some All knew the rascal's villainy well, and more by Blink-eye." prime of its prosperity, thought nothing of way- smart chap as can do it, but when I see a clewer than one heard his braggart innendo in silent laying the train of Don Antonio Chavez, the young gal made to hump-shoulder to a darned indignation, but feared to brave the vengeance Bleucoe's equal in stature—with an honest exmost influential of Mexican merchants ; of sack- bull-baiter like Bill Biencoe, and he the ruina- of the dreaded bully by a word of just resent- pression of countenance that offered a striking Border-Ruffians of Kansas history, the abhor- or two darker as Ben spoke; but he made no re- moniac light. rence, if not the fear, of all peaceably disposed ply. Ben toyed carelessly with the blade of his "Double it," he cried, bringing down a heavy confident of his advantage, and his cunning settlers, of whatever party or political creed. hunting-knife for a moment, apparently wrapped purse of coin upon the box with a force that gray eye twinkled maliciously, as be confronted These are they who have outraged the fair name in thought. Then suddenly raising his head, he sounded like a hammer. "Double it, that I can his opponent.

the innocent the scapegoat of their iniquities. thrust the long blade of his knife deep into the this nigger's flint, alone!" Never had they such a windfull as the agitation turf beside him, as though it were the heart of "No-no! not in cold blood. Give him a earth. A sudden burst of exultation and surof the slavery question, which brought novelty his foe. Then he paused for a moment, gazed chance for a fair fight!" shouted Ben, as he prise followed this unexpected result; but it dressed him in a tone more subdued.

these doings here? for you haven't been long in

Ramrod laid his rifle quietly across his lap, eve upon the other, for the first time spoke.

boy; and thar's no sign this child can't read offhand. It's only yesterday, at sun-up, I came her eyes so sad and tearful-like? And when I their self-possession. was I never jest rightly knowed till now." The feet." rapper paused to change the "old soger" in his the second time. "This old tool," he said, tap- strained by those who held him back. ing his rifle with his finger, "allers knows when

Then, rising to his feet, he swung his rifle it, you've got me to fight-eh, Ben?" over his shoulder, and said: "Let's go to the

"Agreed!" said Ben, and the twain plunged for Bell and you." into the woods.

CHAPTER II.

way to the village tavern-a log and board shan. I man beings being each other. large, black letters, burnt upon a rough pine treacherous but triumphant smile played around board, nailed over the door. The bar-room was the corner of his mouth. two men entered, and the fumes of tobacco and my fine fellow?" he demonster of Ben, with acvile whiskey that filled the place, were almost cents of greatest contempt. "But I suppose you air outside. A couple of huge logs were bla- so as to be a-courting of that sweet Bell of peril. zing in the fire-places (for though the early au- yours; and wouldn't care to have a piece of cold through the dense clouds of smoke, its flames tinued tauntingly. of loungers half distinguishable.

Nodding carelegaly to two or three nequainmade their way to a little partitioned stall in the you are not. You're a coward and a villain!" Wherever he may be, all unconscious of his high corner of the room, that served the purpose of a and he shook his elenched fist in his adversary's destiny, he feels the divinity that stirs within in some of the best volumes of our Ana; and over the bright hour of gayety, or aprend a deepbar; and having swallowed a glass of whiskey, face. took their stand near where a party of five were among the mountains and prairies of the Far shirts, coarse, home-spun breeches, or buckskin madman. West. To young Morton this visit of old Ram-leggings, a straw hat or deerskin cap, and leathern belts around their waists, in which were hourse voice. could find no better friend and adviser in this thrust the ever-present bowie-knife or pistol. For present difficulty, than the uncle of his betrothed; a moment, Ben and Ramrod stood quietly watch- Ben, impatient for the coeffict. especially since he owed the bully an old grudge ing the progress of the game; but both started at the sound of the voice of one of the players, Old Ramrod, as he was called, was one of that who sat with his back towards them, and whose istence, but whose palmiest days have long since that struggled from under a rough fur cap, look- lips

and stood silent as before. Hencoe manifested for the consequences when he should the reading of it every week." Such often add pecially a weekly paper,) sho.'d keep files of it. The trapper was scated at the door of his no sign of emotion, but still seemed absorbed in place himself within reach of the other's dead-

win. Ten to one on the game that I sweep the of Blengoe, and more than one exmestly wished board, just as easy as I stole the prettiest gal in that Ben would be the means of ridding the coun-

conflicting political sentiment, that they might "Thar's something got to come of this here," sounded like an Indian war-whoop; and with a cracked simultaneously, first one and then the the more easily carry on their system of rapine he said fiercely. "Hain't the gal Bell May- bound, he cleared the pine box between them, other. Then hastily dashing them to the earth, and murder, and with certain impunity. These and haint Bell May mine? What right has Bill and springing upon his startled for with the swift each drew hig deadly knife, and rushed to closer are the horse stealers, thieves, and assassins of Blencoe to do the mean thing with her, I should rage of a tiger, he crushed him down to earth, combat. But hardly had the first clash of steel Kansas-men who have, the past year, inter- like to know? I'll tell him. Hain't my rifle as and brandished his long knife high over his de- rang upon the still night air, when Biencoe's arm cepted traders' caravans, burnt, pillaged and good ashot as his, and my knife as long? We'll voted head. "Stand back!" he cried, as Ben dropped suddenly, his knees trembled for an inmassacred to their heart's content, and made know afore morning, you may depend;" and he pressed eagerly forward. "Stand back! I'll fix stant, and vainly clutching at the air with out-

intently into the trapper's face, and presently ad- stayed the murderous blow. "He's my man- lasted only for an instant, and then'all gathered " I say, old Ramrod, have you heard tell of sake, let me do it! For my Bell's ____." " Ha! up, while another stripped off his shirt, already ware-steel there, Ramrod?" he cried suddenly, saturated with blood. Ben's pistol had been true as his quick eye detected the bully's hand aim- to its aim, for one ball had left its mark in Bluning a stealthy thrust at the trapper's side with coe's side, while the other had slightly grazed straightened himself up, and fixing his eagle his knife, which he had managed to seize, unper-his neck. ceived by his antagonists; and quick as thought, Ben stood by with folded arms, looking calm "Pve trapped and hanted some in my day, he darted forward, and pressed his knee upon ly into his face. "Is he dead?" he asked, and the treacherous arm.

At the sound of angry voices, all had pressed pulsations of the heart, into camp, and who should I go fust to see but forward simultaneously to the scene of conflict, "He breathes yet," replied Ramrod; "but my own blood and being-and them's my broth- and there stood for a time transfixed in amaze- he's just as good as gone, I'm thinking." Then was on an evening of this gloomy season of want without moving er Harry and his darter Bell? Now, who can't ment at the boldness of him who dared to cope he started suddenly. "By crickey! you're hurt, tell thar's game afoot, with a trail afore his eyes with the most dreaded duellist of that section, boy!" he exclaimed, and he seized Ben's wrist, as fresh as paint? Didn't I see thar was trou- and fearing to interfere, lest they should divert looked at it, then glanced towards the fallen that the farmer proposed to the latter that he panion; on reaching him he was ble somewhar, when I watched the gal, so pale his wrath upon themselves. But when they saw man, and again examined the wrist from which should produce "one of those hymns which conand thin, like a buffalo-bull in spring-time, and the new phase affairs were taking, they regained the blood was now flowing in streams. Ben's vey to the souls of the people the enthusiasm seconds fell down; he never moved his

knew there was something wrong, but what it Give him a chance, Ramrod, and let him on his

cheek for a fresh quid, which severed to turn the his grasp. As soon as the other found himself neckerchief, and proceeded to bandage his arm French writer, "seems a recovered echo of that these experiments were going forward, drift of his thoughts somewhat, for the muscles free, his rage redoubled, and he would have tightly. of his face twitched convulsively when he spoke sprung upon his antagonist, had be not been re- "Come! let's leave, boy!" said Ramrod, with

Just so will she speak for herself when Bill Blen-mountain man-wrugh! and can't be bluffed by cache at once, for it ain't safe, no how." coe crosses her track; for her mind's my own, such chaff as you. I reckon as how you'vasce'd Ben took the hint at once, for he well knew Whoever dares to hurt a har of that gal's head, this child afore; for once agone I let you off that even in this section there was law of some has got to feel cold lead or else shake hands slick-and wouldn't do it this time, no-how, sa- kind, and he feared the consequences that might was now almost convinced; and abandoning his wonted seat at the chimney-corner of old farmer wonted seat at the chimney-corner of old farmer wonted seat at the chimney-corner of old farmer with this old rib-sticker, eh hoss?" and the trapwith this old rib-sticker, eh hoss?" and the trap-May's cabin, with Bell scatted at his side, he now the built is built in the built in', or rib-stickin', either. And if he don't do

"Yes. Let 'em have it out," said several of pows before them. excitement to relieve the past week's monotony, when she found that Ben had gone, and wept bit-That evening Ramrod and Ben wended their and loth to give up the sport of seeing two hu- ter tears; for he had left her without one part-

ty, enjoying the very domestic name of "The Bill Bi-nece stood with his villainous eyes fix- delity. The thought was crushing. Prairie Home," which name was displayed in edr in the face of his new-found foe, and a

noisy with its usual quota of loungers, as the "So you won." like a little taste of this here, tumn, the night was chill and frosty), and lead put into yer lights just now-eh?" he con-

poked red and lurid, like the sun in an eclipse. The face of young Morton turned deadly pale, solitary candle, stuck in a bottle, added its and for a moment he stood rigid as a statue. feeble light to that of the fire; but both togeth. Not a muscle moved; but the flashing of his dark er, hardly sufficient to render the shadowy groups eyes, that glared like a panther's, spoke the unutterable rage pent up within his breast.

rod-a veteran trapper, just returned from the scated around an old pine box, intently absorbed ter-that of the bully. He felt that he had his queries, rejoice at his developing intellect, yet CLOCKS.—Time was when men were alone head waters of the Yellow Stone and Upper in that fashionable western game of "seven victim completely in his power, so comblent was Misseuri, who had come into the settlement to up." They were all fair specimens of the bor- he of his superior skill as a duellist. But now dispose of his furs and pettries, in exchange for der-ruffian chivalry-rough fellows, with hirsute his worst passions were aroused. Astonished at powder and ball, and such other necessaries as and sun-burnt visages, and wiry, muscular frames his reckless temerity, and enraged by his deflant the cold hand of orphanage, are moulding and the progressof the penumbra cast upon the sands he required, preparatory to a second expedition attired in motley costumes of blue striped cotton challenge, he ground his teeth, and raved like a

"When shall it be?" he growled, with a

" Now! to-night! the sooner the better!" cried

" And the tools?" "Here they are-here!" The young man clapped his hand upon his belt, where the handle of his long knife and two heavy pistols pro-

"No-no!" cried several voices together.

see him sacrifice his life on such terms. They "I HAVE THE READING OF IT EVERY WARE," gor the lapse of every second, and roaring forth run away together."

the sympathies of all were with young Merion. nor cars.

try of so terrible a character as the famed "Bul-

Ben Morton was a fine-looking fellow-fully ing the village of Mora, and killing its citizens; tion of her, it cuts across my grain—it does? ment. Again the trapper elutebed the handle contrast to the impudent lear of the other. His or of joining hands with posterior in lians to the impudent lear of the other. His compenion numbed nervously at the barrel of his ready knife. The bully saw the move—theek was pallid, but the compressed lips and their murderous raids. And such, also, are the augured well for his success. Blencoe seemed

> The parties fired at the word, and two distinct "Liar!" yelled Ramrod, with a voice that reports were heard, as each brace of pistols stretched arms, he staggered and fell to the not yours. I'm the one to match him. For Bell's quickly around the fallen man. One raised him

> > placed his hand upon his bared breast, to feel the

hand had left a deep red imprint where he had which suggested it." De Lisle repaired at mid- after, and lived only seven minutes. A first heard you had given over a courting on her, I "Fair play!" they shouted. "Ben is right, placed it, and this was what first attracted the night to his lodgings, and there on his clavicord, was now thrown in, which lived a minute and a trapper's attention. Ben glanced at his wound. now composing the air before the words and now quarter, and another which was thrown in after ed limb in surprise, for he had not before per-

some show of treplilation, and he seized Ben's and it was not until the next day that he wrote side of the valley to that which was not until the next day that he wrote "Come on, hase," sold the copper, now quite arm and led him slowly away. " That oligrer's at's n-running. She alsoots centre, she does; evol. "Toe the mark, my left, if you feel like jest as good as dead, for you give it to him slick. The bymn of the country was found. arm. The effect of the weather has blenched and thar's never a bar, or buffler, or Injun, that's having yer ribs tickled with this here?" and he That's bad for him, but to stay here is wass for Alas! it proved the requiem to poor Deitrick. the bones as white as lvory. This was probably missed her say, when she's drew bead on 'em. shook his knife menacingly. "I'm a regular you. This child smells touble a comin"; so let's He went to the scaffold to its notes, within a the remains of some wretched rebel hunted to

> ed the next morning, the twain were far out on of the revolutionists, and stirred the blood of Morton, earnestly. "If I am killed, it will be steeds, with their "possible sacks" strapped on anny and terror. behind, and their rifles resting upon their saddle-

the party, quite pleased at the prospect of some | Bell bent her head upon her hands at eventide, ng word, and she knew that he doubted her fi-

> Thus it is that many a man has been led to abandon the comforts and pleasures of civilized life, for the perils and hardships of the Far West. Disappoin ment in love, or the fear of punishment for the commission of crime, have

(Concluded next week.)

tances near the door, the trapper and his friend what you say! Come on, if you are a man. But incit " by selling cat fish, at a shilling a string. ledge. His parents, as they answer his endless lebelty that is equally enduring. men, known wide as the world.

training him for the patient effort, that self re- by an obelisk to know how far the day had ad- Raturning to Roanoke after a long absence. John liance and resolute will, that fit him for great vanced, or when the vault of heaven was their Randolph discovered that the negroes had been achievements. He must pass through the school dial plate, the fun their minute hand. Little very negligent. The barns were empty, and that prepares him for his high career. In his do the denizens of such a world as our ownhuge there was nothing to eat. He determined to asyouth many a trial and wrong must break him metropolis reflect, as they hurry along its streets, semble the negroes and give them a talk. "La. hardships must be endured, many obstacles over- of their churches. Little do they consider that you with great diffidence on the present occasion; come, and rivals outstripped in the race; the the vastness of human intelligence and inven- perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, you feel as deepvoice of envy and detraction despised; and ha- tion is there sounded forth every quarter with a Ir as I do, for after inspecting the barms I can tred and malice defied.

we may marry again; children may die, and sorted to by scholars and antiquarians with great others can take their places, but we can have interest.

Miscellaneous.

I WONDER WHY!

He press'd my band, I can't tell why-I'm sure I wonder why he did it; And then I hear! -oh, such a sigh? As onto abrened no for a minute wonder why he person my hand— I wanter why he sight to early—

I'm sure, if I could understand The cause, I would remove it giadly.

He told me he had lost his beart, And whispered something about "Hope; I wonder why it did depart-Or why hearts ever do elope? Pm anes, if I his heart had been, I now would have left his side. But stay'd a happy, joyous thing, And loved the place till I had died.

La Marseillaise.

The following brief history of this world-

oung royalist officer of artillery, Rouget de covered with vegetation. Lisle by name. He was stationed at Strasburg "It was proposed to enter it, and each party little food before his guest, De Lisie always in their hands, ob found at least a generous bottle of wine. It piration of four and turmoil, when Deitrick and De Liste were ued alive only en warming themselves with the old "Falernain," dog now left the companie the words before the air, in a sort of frenzy it, lived only a minute and a half. out the byone and presented is to his friend Dei- a human skeleton, the head resting on the right and closing of the clubs in Marseilles, it was unconscious of its character." sung, and hence its name. De Lisle himself, proscribed as a loyalist, heard that song when an incentive to freedom, became the death ers

AGED ENGLISH PORTS.-The oldest living Eng-

ebrated the restoration of Charles II. He was forever!"

little dream that his will be a great name among able to count the progress of the hours by the shadows cast upon the ground by a tree or a tri-Or, perchance the hard hand of poverty, or umphant column; when the Egyptians observed

and every two or three years get them bound. do you know that men have pussed this wa sell at more than cost anywhere. A newspaper est at the brim; but the flavor is

A Poisoned Valley.

A singular discovery has lately been made sear Batten, in Java, of a poisonous valley. Mr. Alexander Buden visited it last July, and we extract a paragraph from a commu subject addressed by him to the Royal Geograph-

"It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and, following a path which has been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it with a couple of dogs and fowls, for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountain, the party dismounted and scrambled up the side of the hill, at a distance of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. When at a few yards from the valley, a strong, nauseous, suffocuting smell was experienced, but on approaching the margin, the inconvenience was no longer found. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and bout thirty feet in depth. The bottom of h appeared to be flat, rithout any vegetation, and a few large stones nowned national anthem will be interesting: scattered here and there. Skeletons of human The history of this song, now heard in France beings, tigors, bears, deer and all sort of birds o more, now crushed down in the hearts of the and wild animals, lay about in profesion. The French people, and made to give way to Por- ground on which they lay at the bottom of the tant pour la Syrie, is not without history. It valley appeared to be a hard sandy substance, was composed, both words and muste, by a and no vapor was perceived. The sides were

at the time when France was heaving with the having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty throes of revolution. He was known through- feet of the bottom, where a sickening nauseou out the country as a favorite of the muses of smell was experienced, without any difficulty of poetry and song. The winter of 1792 was one breathing. A dog was now fastened to the end of scarcity in Strasburg, and at the table of a of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valpoor acquaintance, Deltrick, who could set but lay, while some of the party, with their watches effect. At the ex-

The trapper yielded unwillingly, and released ceived that he was struck. Then he untied his struck off a hymn, "which" says a distinguished "A heavy shower of rain fell during the time Thermopyle-it was heroism sung." Over- which from the interesting nature of the expericome at length, and exhausted, he fell asleep, ments, was quite disregarded on the opposite

year. It flew from city to city. At the opening wards the valley, who had taken shelter there,

IMMORTALITY.- How beautiful the following had created in a moment of enthusiasm, and as heart that can see thes beauties as he portrays

over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and "No-no! Leave it all to me," urged Ben the prairie riding at a brisk trot, on float-footed desperate men to the most fearful deeds of tyrfaded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their fer tival around their midnight thrones, lish poets, since the death of Mr. Rogers, are are set above the grasp of our limited faculties. said to be Walter Savage Landor, born 1775, forever mocking us with their unapproachable Leigh Hunt, born 1784; and Barry Cornwall, glory? And why is it that bright forms of human born,1790. The Illustrated News remarks that: beauty are presented to our view, and then taken The only English poet who attained an age of from us, leaving the thousand dreams of afflicnearly equal duration with that attained by Mr. tion to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our Rogers, was the poet Waller. Waller was born heart? We are born for a higher destiny than in 1603, two years after the death of Queen Eliz- that of earth. There is a realm where the rainabeth. He sat as a member of Parliament in bow never fades, where the stars will set out the reign of James L. He was a member of the before us like islands that slumber on the ocean. celebrated Long Parliament of Charles L. He and where the beautiful being that now passes suffocating to those just leaving the cool, pure wouldn't mind having a few days longer to live, venture, or an innate fondness for a roving life of

alive at the coronation of King James IIt and Love for the Drap .- The igner that survives if his life had been spared barely beyond anoth- the temb, says Irving, is one of the noblest at-Now Laving.-A cotemporary says that the er year, would have witnessed the abdication of tributes of the soul. If it has it woes, it has boy is now living who will be President of the James and the accession of Wi liam and Mary. likewise its delights; and when overwhelming Republic in 1900. What his name is, or where He was like Mr. Rogers in other respects than burst of grief is calmed into the gentle fear of he resides, he does not stop to inform us Me his poetry. He was a man of wealth and he was recollection, then the sudden anguish and con-Oregon, or peddling pop-corn around Troy, the House of Commons. Rogers steighty-eight most loved are softened away into pensive med-Daniel Webster once made "a new suit of sat. was still the delight of the most fashionable din- itation on all that it was in the day of its levelihim, and grasps his book, thirsting for know. the repartees of Rogers are likely to find a ce- er sadness over the hour of gloom? Yet whe would exchange it for even the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tom's sweeter than song: there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn aven from the charm of the living.

to the hardness of life. In his manhood many upon the clory that resides in the dark turrets dies and gentlemen," said be, "I appear before brazen voice. What would not be the emotions not find any evidence of your industry during Through such a school and training, the Pres- of admiration is the mind of an ancient Hun my absence. What is to be done? We have ident of 1998 will doubtless come, and is now could be wake up now from his sleep of centu- nothing to eat, and to avoid starvation, one of coming. But from what condition in life, from ries, to know that there are vast and complication must necessarily run away. Now, ladies and what part of our broad land no one can predict ted machines of metal sentinelled in those bei- gentlemen, I have a proposition to make, which or know, but Providence who presides over the fries, abandoned to their own stealthy move- is this: that as one of us must run away, we had Ben Morton had many friends who disliked to destinies of all nations .- Rochester American. ments, and yet tracking with an inexpression better compromise the difficulty, and both of the

do you know there is a God?"

"How do you know," replied the sava, pointing to the human footsteps near him, " h Hope writes the poetry of a boy, but

dering cities, to startle the screent and the li amid the wracks of Persept

Persons extremely reserved are like old en- more dismai still to atond amidst the year